

sons, where the seriousness of age balances the vivacity of youth, and the presence of gentlemen checks the too great liveliness of the ladies, and the cheerfulness of the fair awakens the most pleasing sensations in the hearts of the other sex, is to be preferred.

Gentlemen of refinement will never give pain to the finer sensibilities of the ladies, and ladies, whose manners have been cultivated, will always make themselves agreeable to those with whom they associate. The instructions of wisdom will always check the thoughtlessness of folly, and the sallies of wit will not fail to season the most sober debate. The inquisitiveness of youth will draw largely upon the stores of age, and the counsels of maturity, if regarded, will secure the safety and welfare of youth. When these enjoyments cannot easily be obtained, music vocal or instrumental, in concert or alone, is a very pleasing substitute, but dancing, card playing, and theatrical amusements are so injurious to the health and the temper, and the principles of morality, that no christian can with safety indulge in them.

The great object therefore in amusement or recreation ought ever to be the improvement of the health, the mind and the heart; and whatever injures either the one or the other ought to be laid aside by persons whose bodies are the temples of the Lord, and whose souls are capable of infinite and eternal happiness or wo.

#### THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree, like a squeaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as he is heard, the neighbouring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime, the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, every thing excites the mind to enthusiasm.—In the mean while the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

Day fades apace, its broad red glow  
Went up from all the vales below,  
Aur, like a flash of lightning sprung  
From Alp to hoary Alp, and flung  
A momentary crimson streak  
On every snow-wreathed mountain-peak.  
Dark are the clouds that late were roll'd  
In red and purple, green and gold;  
Even Jura takes a deeper blue,  
And all the hills their cold gray hue;  
All save Mont Blanc;—the King of day  
Still lingers on his icy hills,  
And throws his last and brightest ray  
In farewell to the King of hills.

Hush! 'tis a sweet and solemn sound  
Floats downward on the clear cold air;  
And happy voices waft it round,  
And grateful hearts are framed to prayer,  
'Prais'd be the Lord!' thine are the days  
Whose storms the mountain cottage blanch;  
Thine vintage-time; thine hand upstays  
The snow wreath and the avalanche.  
'Prais'd be the Lord!' it echoes round,—  
Ner one eternal Alp is mute!

And distant cities catch the sound,  
Like the low breathing of a flute.  
'Prais'd be the Lord!' fear not to sleep,—  
His eye shall see; his hand shall keep.

#### MORAL HABITS.

Education without moral principle is a curse rather than a blessing. It is like putting a sword sharpened and furnished into the hands of a maniac. It is giving nerve to the arm, whilst scattering 'firebrands, arrows and death.' Soon, alas! too soon, the child becomes the creature of habit. No parental influence is necessary to turn his feet into evil. You need only sleep over his character and condition for a few of the first years of his life, and his bent to vice and ruin has become strong. You may see in his almost infant bosom the growth of unholy passions, and of base propensities, which forbode a prodigious harvest of all that can wring and break a parent's heart. Leave your darling son without moral instruction, and while others are drinking at the 'wells of salvation' let him spend his Sabbaths as he lists, and you will not be permitted to wait until the uplifted veil of eternity discloses to your agonized eye the curse. No, you will see it—you will taste something of its bitterness in this world. His neglected son will break out in frequent and angry strife with his little brothers and sisters, he will be coarse and profane among his playfellows; he will be loud and insolent towards his parents, and in all human probability; plunge deeper and deeper in shame, and obduracy, and crime, until an early grave will cover a loathsome wretch from the view.

#### WHAT IS IDLENESS.

"Here," said I to my class of Sunday scholars, as I held a little book in my hand, "this is for the child who can give the best answer to the question—What is idleness?" "I can, teacher," answered one; "if you say we are to learn our lessons, and we come to you, and don't know any of them, and have had nothing to prevent our learning—that is idleness." "I can, teacher," and continued another, "you tell us to come clean and neat and tidy; and if, instead of that, our tippets and frocks are torn, though we have had time to mend them—that is idleness." "I can teacher," said a third little creature; "if you tell us we are to be here at nine o'clock, and we loiter about and do not get here till ten—that is idleness." Several of my young ones were silent; and I asked if any one had any thing else to say, "Yes, ma'am," replied an elder girl, "I know that what my school fellows have said is idleness, is so; but there is another kind beside that. We know that we are to be up early in the morning, to pray for a blessing on the instructions we are to receive; to ask a blessing also, on our minister and our school; to read a chapter in the holy bible, and to be in time for prayer with our teachers; but if we waste the sacred morning in bed, and do not rise at a proper time—that is idleness." When this answer was finished, each one seemed to say, "Verily I am guilty in this thing." I paused for a minute, and then delivered the book into the hands of the last mentioned girl, for she, I considered, had answered the best.

A little boy belonging to the infant school in Bedford street, Boston, was playing with some blocks. He had not enough to build his house. His mother told him to go into the carpenter's shop near by, and get some.

He said, "No mother, the carpenter is not there. "No matter," said his mother, "he won't miss a block—go get them, nobody will see you." "O no," said the child, "it will be stealing; and God will me. I had rather not have them."

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

They that do nothing, are in the ready way to worse than nothing.  
An hour lost in the morning of a short day is a great loss: such is the loss of Youth.  
He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.

#### POETRY.

Written for the Juvenile Entertainer.

I saw a youth pass through the crowd,  
And madly bound on ruin's path,  
While o'er his brow there hung a cloud,  
Which spoke of dark—relentless wrath.

His course was rapid—every step  
Moved farther on forbidden ground;  
And, though his friends look'd on and wept,  
He scarcely look'd around.

Year's rolled away—I view'd the spot,  
The fervid youth once proudly trod,  
And feared to see—Ah! dreadful thought!  
The purpled—deeply blood-stain'd—clod.

But vain the fear! for Death had swept  
His wretched victim from his place—  
I ask'd his friends—they said he slept—  
And turn'd to hide their face.

Another youth before me stood,  
With sober mien and steady eye;  
While o'er him musing attitude  
He fondly gazed up to the sky.

Hope fix'd a spot, and wisdom trac'd  
The narrow path that thither led;  
His course was run—and honour grac'd  
The young adventurer's head.

Time had pass'd by—and then I sought  
To trace the virtuous young man's fate;  
For memory had not yet forgot  
The brow where virtue smiling sat—

I ask'd his friends—affliction's tear  
Stood trembling in their downcast eye—  
They sigh'd, "sweet youth to memory dear  
And pointed to the sky.

April, 1832.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.  
LINES

On the Death of a pious young Lady.  
She's gone, all her trials are o'er,  
Her fears and her cares are at rest;  
Disappointment can reach her no more  
For she's gone to the land of the blest.

How humble, how mild, was her mien,  
How calmly and meekly she bore  
The Cross of the Lamb who was slain,  
Our freedom and life to restore.

She wash'd her robes white in his blood,  
And trusted her all in his hand—  
And calmly in readiness stood  
To depart at his Sovereign command.

Through trials and troubles below  
Her hopes were unclouded and bright;  
And in death she exclaimed, "Yes I  
That he liveth in whom I delight."

She had laid up her treasure on high,  
Where nothing could hurt or destroy;  
And her spirit has soar'd 'bove the thick  
Bliss lasting and pure to enjoy.

April 1832.

GALIE.